

Lake of Killarney,

To which is added,

NEWCASTLE HARBOUR,

JOLLY BACCHUS,

The DESPAIRING DAMSEL.

You Know my TRADE is WAR

What a Beau your GRANNY was,

WOMEN and WINE,



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New CASTLE HARBOUR.



AS I was walking one morning in May,
To New Castle Harbour to sport and play,
Where I saw this fair Phoenix in matrons dress,
And by her I am wounded I must confess.

I wish I had never seen her but she seen me,
Then I would not be so sick as I am now by she,
But now I am sick and my blood runs cold,
I never will be happy till I am laid in mould.

You boys of Newcastle I beg your leave,
Your aid and assistance I humbly crave,
To help me with this fair one from the strand,
And safely convey her to Mulagh Island.

If you'd see my jewel at the ocean side,
When the waves do swell and sit with pride,
Which causes the mariners to dispute,
And by her fair glances they all stand mute.

If my tongue was a trumpet I'd sound her praises
And on her bright beauty my eyes do gaze,
My heart is lodged in her snowy white breast,
Like a pilgrim I'll wander quite void of rest.

Some says she's in Sagoe but that cannot be,
But in bonny Dungoland as they tell me,
It's there I will tarry and work in my looms,
When winter is over we'll flourish in June.

What a Beau your Granny was.

AS into town of late I came,
I met a pretty sporting lass,
Who joakingly accosted me,
Saying, What a Beau your granny was,

C H O R U S.

What a Beau, what a Beau,
What a Beau your Granny was;
I'll let yo know before I go,
What a Beau your Granny was.

Come let us think of love said she,
Nor talk but of the wine and glass,
And I expect to let you see,
What a Beau you Granny was,

Chorus. What a Beau, &c.

This little quain, with love inflam'd,
After we had a chearful glass;
She! augh'd to see a tool so tame,
Saying, what a Beau your Granny was.

Chorus. What a Beau.

It was the first time of the kind,
I met with such a sort of repast;
Thinks I now let what will betide,
I'll shew you what your Granny was.

Chorus. What a Beau, &c.

This little wanton coaxing dame,
After we had a sporting glass,
I did not part her all in shame,
But shew'd her what her granny was.

Chorus. What a Beau, &c.

She thought I was a country fool,
 Thinks she I'll make him cry alas!
 I let her know, though very cool,
 What a Beau her Granny was.

Chorus. What a Beau, &c.

WOMEN and WINE.

IT's I'll be as jovial and happy,
 As happy as happy can be,
 Quite free from every dull thought.
 From sorrow I'll ever be free;
 I will rattle away with the lasses,
 And take a gay glass with a friend,
 And so my life chearfully passes,
 In taking the world as God sends.

Then come my brave boys fill your
 glasses,

And do not be loosing of time,
 There is nothing in life surpasses,
 The joys of women and wine.

Kind women are delicate things,
 The joy and the care of man's life,
 Companions for nobles and kings,
 Then who would not have a good wife,
 They breed good children its true,
 Fine daughters and sons to the life,
 Perhaps they are none of our own,
 Then who would be plagued with a wife.

Then come my brave boys, &c.

Damn money, 'tis nothing but trash,
 I'm happy tho' ever so poor,

When I have it I cut a great dash,
 When 'tis gone I ne'er think of it more,
 Then let me have money or not,
 My spirits are always the same,
 Quite free from every dull thought,
 For happy Tom Rambler's my name,
 Then come my brave boys, &c.

Since life it is but a span,
 'Tis as good to be merry as not,
 And chearfully live while we can,
 For by sorrow there's nought to be got,
 Give me the gay fellow of life,
 Who ne'er a dull thought he had none,
 Would rather ten thousand to one,
 Kiss any man's wife than his own.

Then come my brave boys, &c.

My father was cloathed in leather,
 My mother in old tabby grey,
 They laboured in all kinds of weather,
 To keep me both gallant and gay;
 My heart is as light as a feather,
 My breeches as light as a cork,
 And when it's all gather'd together,
 I'll scatter it away with my fork.

Then come my brave boys, &c.

JOLLY BACHUS, God of Wine.

COME jolly Bachus, God of Wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure,
 Let none that cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure,

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That every true and loyal soul,
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure

Thus mighty Bacchus shalt thou be,
 Guardian to our pleasure.
 That under thy protection we,
 May enjoy new Measure.

And as the hours glide away
 We'll in thy name intreat their stay,
 And sing their praises that we may,
 Live, and die in pleasure.

A new Play-house Song.

MADAM, you know my trade is War,
 And what should I deny it for.
 Hark, hark, the trumpet sounds afar,

I long to tack with you,
 But madam credit what I say,
 Was I this moment called away,
 And all the troops drawn in array,

I'd rather stay with you.
 The Drums and sprightly Trumpets sound,
 Then Death and courage takes their round,
 Did dying Horses bite the ground,

And we no hopes in view,
 Was the whole army lost in smoke,
 I swear, and damn me if I joke,
 I'd rather stay wit you.

The DESPAIRING DAMSEL.

‘T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclined,
 Wide o’er the foaming billows,
 She cast a wishful look.
 Her head was crowned with willows,
 That trembled o’er the brook.
 Twelve months are gone and over,
 -And nine long tedious days,
 Why didst thou vent’rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas!
 Cease, cease; then cruel ocean,
 And for my lover rest,
 Ah! what’s thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast!
 The merchant robbed of treasure.
 Views tempests in despair;
 But what’s the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear.
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You’d find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so,
 How can you say that nature,
 Has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes those rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,

To wreck a wond'ring lover.

And leave a maid to weep.

All melancholy being,

Thus wailed she her dear,

Repaid each blast with fighting,

Each billow with a tear.

When o'er the wide wave stooping,

His floating corpse she spy'd;

Then like lilly drooping,

She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

The LAKE of KILLARNEY,

ON the Lake of Killarney I first saw the lad,
Who with song and with bagpipe made my
heart glad,

His heart was so merry, so blythsome and free,

And he said it would please him for to marry me.

And his hair was so red and his eyes were so bright

Oh! they shone like the stars in a cold frosty night,

So tall and so strait my dear Paddy was seen,

Oh! he look like the fairies that dance on the green,

All the girls of Killarney wore green willow tree,

When first my Patrick sung love tales to me,

Oh! he sung and he danc'd and he won my fond
heart,

And to save his dear life with my own I would part.

